

From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

We have been without a pastor  
Some eighteen months or more,  
And though candidates are plenty—  
We've had at least a score—  
All of them "tip-top" preachers,  
Or so their letters ran—  
We're just as far as ever  
From settling on the man.

The first who came among us  
By no means was the worst.  
But then we didn't think of him  
Because he was the first;  
It being quite the custom  
To sacrifice a few,  
Before the church in earnest  
Determines what to do.

There was a smart young fellow  
With serious, earnest way,  
Who, but for one great blunder,  
Had surely won the day;  
Who left no good impression,  
On Monday one or two  
Went round among the people  
To see if he would do.

The pious, godly portion  
Had not a fault to find,  
His clear and searching preaching  
They thought the very kind;  
And all went smooth and pleasant  
Until they heard the views  
Of some influential sinners  
Who rent the highest pews.

On these his pungent dealing  
Made but a sorry hit;  
To coat the gospel teaching  
Was quite too right a fit.  
Of course his fate was settled—  
Attend, ye parsons all!  
And preach to please the sinners  
If you would get a call.

Next came a spruce young dandy,  
He wore his hair so long;  
Another coat was shabby,  
And his voice not over strong;  
And one New Haven student  
Was worse than all of those—  
We couldn't bear the sermon  
For thinking of his nose!

Then wearying of candidates,  
We looked the country through,  
Mid doctors and professors,  
To find one that would do.  
And after much discussion,  
On who should bear the ark,  
With tolerable agreement,  
We fixed on Dr. Parker.

Hence then we thought it settled,  
But were amazed to find  
Our flattering invitation  
Respectfully declined.  
We turned to Dr. Hopkins  
To help us in the lurch,  
Who strangely thought that college  
Had claims above "our church."

Next we despatched committees,  
By twos and threes, to urge  
The labors for a Sabbath  
Of the Rev. Shallow Spurge.  
He came—a marked sensation,  
So wonderful his style,  
Followed the creaking of his boots,  
As he passed up the aisle.

His tones were so affecting,  
His gestures so divine,  
A lady fainted in the hymn,  
Before the second line,  
And on that day he gave us,  
In accents clear and loud,  
The greatest prayer ever addressed  
To an enlightened crowd.

He preached a double sermon,  
And gave us angel's food,  
On such a lovely topic—  
"The joys of solitude,"  
All full of sweet descriptions  
Of flowers and pearly streams,  
Of warbling birds, and moonlit groves,  
And golden sunset beams.

Of faith and true repentance,  
He nothing had to say;  
He rounded all the corners,  
And smoothed the rugged way;  
Managed with great adroitness,  
To entertain and please,  
To leave the sinner's conscience  
Completely at its ease.

Six hundred is the salary,  
We gave in former days,—  
We thought it very liberal,  
And found it hard to raise;  
But when we took the paper,  
We had no need to urge  
To raise a cool two thousand  
For the Rev. Shallow Spurge.

In vain were all the efforts—  
We had no chance at all—  
We found ten city churches  
Had given him a call;  
And he, in prayerful waiting,  
Was keeping all in tow;  
But where they bid the highest,  
'Twas whispered he would go.

And now, good Christian brothers,  
We ask your earnest prayers,  
That God would send a shepherd,  
To guide our church affairs,  
With this clear understanding—  
A man to meet our views,  
Must preach to please the sinners,  
And fill the vacant pews.

## WARNED OF A WARNING.

If the reader who has this page before his eyes be one of those who will believe only what they understand, or who—because some impostors, pretending to deal in the supernatural, have been exposed—treat with ridicule the idea that spirits can or will interpose in the affairs of mortals here below, let him skip the whole article and go on to the next. To the more tolerant I would explain that I tell this tale as it was told to me, suppressing real names and altering the scene, according to a promise I have made. I will not attempt to account for anything. The main facts were narrated by a person sane in mind and strong of body—a man of singularly truthful disposition. The sequel I witnessed with my own eyes, so that you may be quite sure that you will not come across the old familiar "dodge" of making wonders turn out to be "the baseless

# The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VI.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1877.

NUMBER 11.

fabric of a vision."

In the year 1864, when I first met Frank Conroy, he was a handsome, brave, simple-minded boy. Eleven years later I saw him again. He was a great deal bigger but very little changed. The same dark brown curly hair with a glint of red in it; the same laughing blue eyes, the same almost girlish smile, the same contempt for all that was mean or cruel; only he didn't burst out crying now when touched by such things. He stood six feet one in his rowing shoes, and I would just as soon have a mule kick me as feel the full weight of his arm. A gentle giant, this Frank Conroy, with fair abilities, good prospects, a happy home, troops of friends, and the sweetest girl in Virginia loving him with all her heart. This was Annie Annesley, the only daughter of a planter whose fortune had survived the ravages of the civil war, and who lived in a grand old house on the James River, some fifty miles above Richmond. Her mother had died when she was a child. Annie was petite, of course, or she would not have had big Frank at her tiny feet; and there was a roundness and softness about the lower part of her face which appeared to be of the wax-doll order, until you had taken in her eyes and brow. I say "taken in" because they grew upon you. She was not a reigning belle, however. Frank snapped her up as soon as she came out—that was one reason. She did not consider dancing the German as the end and object of existence; and she carried too many guns for the beaux of the period—that was another. At first big Frank was indolent, little Annie ambitious; he was realistic, she romantic; he somewhat too easy-going to keep off foes, she somewhat too given to cynicism to gain friends. In a short time they began to rub off each other's angles and to fill up each other's deficiencies. He was twenty-one and she eighteen, and they were to be married as soon as he had taken his degree.

In all sorts of athletic contests and exercises he had already graduated with the highest honors. In public, little Annie rather discouraged these pursuits, but her heart glowed with delight when the Harvard boat dashed first under the string, and No. 3, the Captain, was carried out of it in triumph. She tore her pretty lace handkerchief into shreds during the first laps of the three-mile foot-race, as the runner who wore her colors on his great heaving chest appeared only fifth in the contest. She couldn't bear to see him beaten; and when at last he put on his spurt and went through his men like a rocket her heart beat faster than his own. At the time when this account commences he was in training for another boat race, and reading hard, too; for in America, as here, your rowing man can be a good book-worker if he please.

Now, staying on a visit at the home of your betrothed is both useful and charming; useful, because it gives you an insight into her character which is not to be gained in society; and charming—well, there is no need to elaborate that cause. But it does not conduce to close study. St. Anthony himself could not keep his eyes on his book when the Author of Evil took the shape of a pretty woman—to whom, by the by, he was not engaged; so how can you expect that a warm-hearted young fellow from Harvard could work in the presence of his lady-love. Why did he not lock himself up in his room? He did, but what was the use? If she went about singing, as was her wont, he listened, and Plato might reason as he pleased unattended to. If she were silent he (big Frank, not Plato) wondered what she was doing; and Orestes raved in vain. The only chance for work was when she went away from house and grounds visiting some neighbor; and this, when she knew the consequences, she did as often as she could. She was proud of her lover and wanted him to take a good degree.

These absences generally lasted till luncheon time; but one day she came down to breakfast in her riding habit, and told him she was going to see the Melvilles. Seeing the Melvilles meant a ride, out and home, of two-and-twenty miles.

"Mayn't I go with you?" he asked.

"No, sir. You have been shamefully idle lately; besides, I have lots of things to say to Janey (her chief bridesmaid-elect) and you will be in the way. You

need not expect to see me again till dinner," she replied.

Seven o'clock was their usual dinner time. Frank improved the shining hours; read till noon, then he took a brisk walk till two, then he read till five, then, like a wise man, he put away his books, and packed up what he had learned into his brain.

It was autumn, when the twilight comes soon, and quickly deepens into night. The time slipped away, as it will do when one's mind is busy, and when Annie came into the room dressed for the evening he was quite surprised.

"Back again so soon! and dressed already!" he exclaimed, rising to greet her; but she moved away from him toward the window and stood there silent, gazing into the rapidly-deepening twilight.

"Frank, dear," she said after a pause, "I want to warn you about something."

"All right—go on," he replied, again advancing.

"No, do not come near me. Stay where you are. Do not be surprised if some day you see a lady in your room."

"A lady!"

"Who will be there," she continued, not heeding his interruption, "for no light purpose. If she should speak to you, take good heed of what she says—for the sake of her who loves you."

"Why not say for my sake?"

"Well, then, for my sake."

"And who is this mysterious counselor?"

"Never mind."

"Oh, but I do mind. If there is anything I do hate it is the idea of anyone coming between you and me. When I have something to say to you I say it right out, and I want you to do the same. Is this person a friend?"

"A great friend."

"Then introduce us, and let us all three talk it over, whatever it is; or, better still, hear what she has to say and tell me yourself."

"We cannot always manage that such things as these should come exactly as we wish," she answered in a low, sad voice.

"No; but don't you think, Annie, that my receiving a lady in my room is not as good an arrangement as could be made?"

"I told you not to be surprised if she came. I did not say positively that she would come."

"If she does come it will be with your consent!"

"She could not do so without."

"Then you won't be jealous," he asked, with a smile.

"There will be no cause for jealousy."

"You seem to be in a very strange humor to-day, dear."

"Why do you think that?"

"Your voice and manner are changed."

"Are you ill, darling? Is—"

"Stay where you are," she again interrupted, motioning him back to his seat.

"This will pass. Let us say no more on the subject. Give me your solemn promise that you will not say another word about it—only remember."

"Well, dear, I think that is the very best thing I can do, for really—"

"Promise."

"I promise—there! And now—"

"No, you shall not move. Let me go. I will come down again in a few minutes. Be a good boy, Frank, and let me have my way."

He turned around half vexed to put away his notes, and when he looked up again she was gone.

He kept his promise, and he had his reward. Annie was even more than usually bright and loving all the rest of that evening. The next day passed as usual, and on the next but one there was a picnic, which would not have ended as pleasantly as it began but for big Frank.

Returning by the light of the moon, the negro coachman (who had taken more champagne heel-taps than conducted to careful driving) managed to put the two off-wheels of the carriage which contained the Annesley party into a ditch at a turn in the road where the horses could not get a straight pull at it, and ten miles from home. Frank just lifted the whole thing out bodily, Annie and all; for as he said with one of his cheery laughs "you don't weigh anything."

Then he drove them home, leaving Sambo to sober himself by a walk.

"I wonder if Samson was much stronger than you are!" said Annie, as

he kissed her good-night, looking up, full of love and pride, into his handsome face.

"Poor old Samson! His strength did not do him much good after all," he laughed.

"O Frank! It saved his country and helped him to a glorious end. I think there is nothing in history so splendid as the retribution he worked on his persecutors—crushing them in the hour of their triumph, with the temple of their false gods."

"The muff! he should have gone outside and pushed," said prosaic Frank.

When he opened the door of his room he found that the lamp was alight. This was unusual, for he always had lit it himself. There were French windows on two sides of this chamber opening into the gallery. Two faced him as he entered, the other pair were hidden by the bed and its mosquito bar. They were all wide open; for he loved fresh air and laughed coldly to scorn. It was almost as light as day. The full moon filled the verandah with its soft, silvery beams, and the dark evergreens below were ablaze with fire-flies. A night which tempts one to do anything but go to bed.

Frank took off his coat and boots, made himself comfortable in the rocking chair, filled a big pipe with *perique* and thought he would read a little, as he had passed an idle day. As he rose to get his book he heard a gentle rap at the Venetian blinds outside. Flying moths, blundering after a light, as is their wont, make such noises, so he did not notice it. After a moment or two it was repeated louder, and a woman's voice said, "May I come in?"

Now by this time he had forgotten all about the visit he might possibly receive, but was not surprised when a lady walked in without waiting for an answer. It does not take long to say "May I come in?" yet as she spoke those few words the whole of the conversation with Annie, on the day before yesterday, came back to his mind.

"You are not surprised at this invasion?" asked his visitor. She was apparently about thirty years of age, tall, slight, and elegantly dressed. A lace-edged handkerchief was loosely knotted around her throat, and in her hand she carried a common palmetto fan. She spoke in that sub-tone of assertion which a well-bred woman of her age has generally acquired without knowing how, and shoddy folk labor after in vain all their lives. Grant that a stranger could adopt this mode of presenting herself—and had not Annie told him that she might—and nothing could be more natural.

Frank replied that he was not a bit surprised and advanced his best chair, which she declined.

"No, thanks," she said, leaning one hand against the side of the window space and fanning herself: "I won't come in any further. Do you sit down and listen to what I have to say. I won't keep you long. Oh! you may smoke. I don't mind that in the least; but I insist I will not say a word till you have made four good puffs. That is right. One—two—three—four; now for it."

Frank began to feel that he must have known this lady for several years, so completely did she put him at his ease.

"Don't you think," she continued, "that when a man is engaged to be married it is high time for him to leave off playing like a boy?"

"Certainly it is."

"That's right. All the running, and rowing, and jumping is well enough in its way. It makes boys men; but it makes men just a little bit coarse—at least, that is my view."

"May I ask if Annie shares that opinion?"

"Let us leave her out of this discussion. She knows nothing about it."

"And yet she prepared me for this pleasure," said Frank, dryly.

"Never mind; I repeat, she knows nothing about my present object. If she did, I am afraid she would not much assist me, for she is proud of her great athlete. I am old enough to be her mother, and (with a bright smile) am not in love with you; so I can talk sense. Now, really, what is there worth winning that you have not already won?"

"I am not afraid of that."

"The confidence of the man! Well, I'll put it in another way. Why not give

some one else a chance? Do you think it is fair to monopolize all the glory and silver cups? You greedy giant!"

This shot went home. Frank despised "pot-hunters." Was he a pot-hunter himself?

"There, I see you are coming round," his visitor resumed, pursuing her advantage. "Promise me that you will stick to your books like a good boy, take a splendid degree and give up rowing and all that sort of thing, once and forever."

"Would it be indiscreet to inquire whom I have been so fortunate as to inspire with such a deep interest in my affairs?"

"Ah! I do not be sarcastic. You can not tell how it pains me," she said. He looked up, and felt a power of tender, sad pleading which quite subdued his impulse to resent her interference. "I have no right, I know," she continued, "to ask this promise for myself. I am nothing to you; but I love Annie, oh! how fondly. I plead for her, and this I say solemnly, Frank Conroy: if your affection be as deep as she deserves it should be, you will not hesitate. Man, man! what is success in a game that you should prefer it to the happiness of the woman you love?"

"You seem in earnest."

"I am in earnest."

"Well, I'll talk it over with her."

"Think it over by yourself first," said his visitor after a pause, during which she seemed to be struggling with something she wished to add, and dared not. "And, if you cannot resolve—as I pray you may—then you can tell her what has passed to-night. Good by. God bless and guide you." She kissed her hand to him, and passed out into the bright moonlight.

"I ought to have thanked her anyhow," he mused when she had gone. "What an unmannerly dog she'll think me. She's not far wrong. I ought to give the other fellows a turn, and I'm not sure whether a lighter man at No. 3—well, I will sleep on it. Who can she be?"

Who can she be? was the question which filled his mind when he awoke—much earlier than usual—in the morning, and diligent inquiries made of all the servants about, failed to satisfy it. Should he ask Annie? No; he was a little piqued with Annie. It was absurd to suppose that these two were in concert. And how unfair to make him promise not to speak of what should pass, and then send this person to lecture him! True, he had this person's permission to talk it over with Annie, if he could not make up his mind to follow her advice; but he had done so, and there was an end to that part of the case. He had made a sacrifice much against the grain, and therefore—man like—he hedged by getting cross with a woman.

He wandered about from one room to another, fretting, fidgeting, unsettled. He tried to read. He opened one book, and it was too heavy—another, and it was too flippant. He went out into the garden, and the chirruping of the birds annoyed him. He returned to the house and made for Mr. Annesley's study. His host was an early riser, and he wanted some one to talk to. Mr. Annesley was not yet down. On his table lay a black leather case, with silver clasps, that Frank had not noticed before. He undid the clasps and opened it. It contained the photograph of the woman who had visited him the night before.

"Now I can find out all about you," he chuckled, "without breaking any promise." As he gazed at the picture and took in its details, a recollection arose which puzzled him. Man as he was, he remembered that his visitor's dress, though of costly materials, and in excellent taste, was made in a fashion which had long since gone out. The dress of the picture was in the same style. How was this? As he mused, Annie tripped in, gay and bright as ever, and laid a soft little hand on his shoulder. "Up so early!" she cried; gayly. Then, as she saw what he held, her face became suddenly sad, not noticing the change.

"Poor dear mamma's," she replied, with a sob. Then his heart gave a great bound, and a cold, sickening stupor fell upon him.

"Annie, dear," he said, when, after a mighty effort, he regained some command over his suspense (she, poor child, only thought he was sharing her sorrow,

which the sight of that loved and long-lost face had awakened), "you must give me back my promise."

"What promise?"

"That I made you the day you rode over to see the Melvilles."

"I don't remember your promising anything that day. What was it?"

"To remind you would be half breaking it. Surely you cannot have forgotten?"

"Let me see. You read me how Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar, out of 'Bret Harte,' and pretended that it did not make him cry."

"That was after dinner."

"In the morning you and papa were talking about fishing, and I listened."

"It was not in the morning or in the evening that I made you that promise, Annie. It was in the twilight, when you returned from your ride."

"Why, Frank? I went straight up to my room. It was so late I had hardly time to change my things. I never saw you from the time I mounted at eleven o'clock till when we met at dinner. What are you dreaming about? O Frank, darling! What is the matter? Are you ill?"

Again the cold, sickening stupor ran through him, and he fell forward over the table speechless.

I, who tell this story, was a surgeon in the navy, and spending a short leave of absence as a visitor to the house, where the scenes I have attempted to describe took place. Annie's shrieks aroused her father, who called me, and between us we restored poor Frank to consciousness.

I did not like the look of the seizure; but said nothing. No one consulted me. Still I watched him closely, and at breakfast, when the mail bag came in, and he read his correspondence, I noticed that he received a second shock.

That afternoon he called me into his own room and told me what had happened here. He added evidence (acquired since morning) which proved beyond the possibility of doubt that Annie was miles away from the house when *what he took for her* spoke to him in the library. I heard him out, and made the usual reply. He had been dreaming—his nerves were out of order.

"They are now," he said; "but suppose anyone had asked you about them the day before yesterday—what would you have said?"

Had I been obliged to reply I must have admitted that a less nervous person, in the sense of being likely to give way to delusions, could hardly be found; but he did not wait for an answer, and went on.

"As for dreaming—that is—excuse me, doctor—absurd. I was wide awake on Tuesday evening, and I did not go to bed for an hour at least after my visitor left me on Thursday night. Now let us consider the surroundings. I was warned of a warning!—warned in the kindest gentlest manner. Why? If I had been unprepared for the second manifestation it would have startled, shocked me. Why was I, a hale, strong man (as you and all the rest thought me), to be guarded against a shock? Why was I to be turned from pursuits which you and all the rest would have said yesterday had made me so hale and strong, by supernatural means? Read that."

He handed me a letter—the one he had read at breakfast. It was from the secretary of a life insurance company, thanking him for the preference he had shown the society, but declining the proposal.

"The week before last," he continued, "I was examined by their medical officer, as a matter of form, they said. He measured me round the chest and tapped and stethoscoped me; and this is the result."

"Insurance companies have all sorts of crochets," I began.

"Doctor," he interrupted, quietly taking off his coat and vest, and slipping the brace off his left shoulder, "you know as well as I do what it means. There is something wrong—awfully wrong here! (placing his hand on his heart). That is why I was warned against surprise—that is why my poor darling's dead mother conjured me to avoid violent sports—that is why the insurance company rejected me—that is why I confide in you. Now tell me the truth."

I placed my ear to his side and took

three different soundings. Then I told him, as carelessly as I could, that I had no stethoscope with me, and he was too agitated just then for a fair examination. "I'll see if I can't borrow some tools," I said, "and see you to-morrow morning, when you will be more composed."

"As you will," he replied; "but you are mistaken about composure. I shall never be more composed than I am at this moment."

"How can you say so after your attack only a few hours ago?" I asked. "That is over. I know all now."

"Tush!" I sneered, trying to get out of my difficulty by appearing impatient. "You know absolutely nothing."

"All right, doctor," he said with one of his bright smiles, and resuming his coat. "I admit it, I don't know how I breathe, or how I swallow. I don't know how I was born, or what will happen to make me die. I don't know why I wink an eye when a grain of dust comes along in the air. But I do breathe and swallow. I have been born and I shall die; and somehow the grain of dust will be caught in my eyelash. I don't know why these visitations have come to me, but they have come, doctor, and for a reason. Look me in the face and tell me that I have a sound heart."

I could not do it.

"So farewell," he went on cheerfully, "a long farewell to all the old fun. 'Othello's occupation's gone.'"

"And he will settle down into a quiet married man," I added, to humor him; but his face darkened.

"Do you think I am justified?" he began. "But you shall answer me that to-morrow."

"I hope you have not said anything about this to Miss Annesley?" I asked after a pause.

"God forbid!"

"But she must have guessed that something was wrong when you spoke to her about that promise."

"Perhaps she did for a moment, but my fainting fit—I couldn't help it, doctor—put it out of her mind. If she returned to the subject I shall get around it somehow. Of course I may rely upon your silence."

"Are you going to waste all the day up there?" cried Annie from the garden. "Come down, Frank; I want you to help me cut some flowers."

He joined her, and I stood watching them from the gallery. To-morrow I would tell him what I knew too well already. There was indeed something awfully wrong with his heart. And who would have thought it to look at him! He seemed the very picture of health; but the last ten minutes of the foot-race—the last fifty strokes of the oar—when the spirit forced the flesh to more than mortal doing, had done their silent work.

I should have to tell him to be very, very careful. I should be able to comfort him by saying that men as badly off as he was had made old bones, and died in their beds, at last, of something else. I stood rehearsing how this was to be told, when I heard Annie's voice again:

"No, not that one; it's too full blown. There is a lovely bud a little higher up. No, no, you stupid great stupid fellow—there to your right."

They were standing under a climbing rose-bush and she was pointing to a spot about a yard over his head. Standing on tiptoe he could just touch the stem of the coveted flower, but not hold it, and of course it bobbed from his fingers.

"If you jump you can catch it," said Annie.

As she spoke he sprang, seized the rose (which was pulled down by his weight), and fell against the fence upon which the bush was trained.

"Oh, how awkward you are to day!" Annie cried. "Well, why don't you break it off and give it to me?"

The next moment he slid to the ground at her feet—DEAD!

The Champion Athlete of his day was killed in a struggle with a rosebud.—*Temple Bar.*

She put her arms affectionately around his neck—"I am so glad that I can have my summer hat made over for winter. I will only need a new lining, and new strings, and new velvet, and new flowers, and a few new feathers, and some silk and other things for trimmings. The frame is perfectly good, and will just have to be pressed into a new shape. I am so glad I won't have to go to any expense. I was afraid I would have to get a new bonnet."

The bank of England covers five acres of ground, and employs nine hundred clerks. There are no windows on the street; light is admitted through open courts; no mob could take the bank, therefore, without cannon to batter the immense walls. The clock in the center of the bank has fifty dials attached to it. Large cisterns are sunk in the court, and engines in perfect order, are always ready in case of fire.—The bank was incorporated in 1694. Capital ninety million dollars.



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## The Iowa Calamity.

The loss of the Iowa Institution by fire, or rather the buildings of the institution, follows a little more than two years the similar calamity of the California Institution. As fires go this period is probably long enough, but with regard to the nature of the building—an institution for the deaf and dumb—the time is altogether too short. Of course it is supposed that proper safeguards exist in such buildings, and that in the one in question the requisite appliances were handy, yet it is the common experience that fire once started, generally runs its course and permanently injures what it does not destroy.

Mr. Wilkinson, of California, is credited with the remark, soon after his buildings had gone, that did he have anything to do with the future erection he should have things done on the segregated plan. Probably Mr. Talbot, of Iowa, is of the same mind, and though there may be some difference in the first cost, the greater security afforded by the separation fully compensates.

We are grateful that no loss of life occurred, and while deep in sympathy for all temporal losses, and the great inconvenience that has been occasioned, we hope that ere many days we shall chronicle the completion of a structure that will feel no modesty as it rises from the ruins.

## An Enterprising Nursery Firm.

Messrs. Isaac Hicks & Sons, of Old Westbury, Long Island, have issued their spring catalogue for 1877. The firm has nursery grounds, comprising thirty acres, one mile north of Westbury station, on Long Island Railroad. They have on sale a large stock of fruit and ornamental trees, vines and plants for much lower prices than can be found elsewhere. They have over 40,000 Silver Maples, which they offer to sell very low by the quantity. Their stock of fruit trees, shrubs, vines and plants embraces almost an endless variety, which cannot fail to please purchasers. Our friend Gilbert Hicks, one of the members of the firm, was educated and graduated at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Any one purchasing stock of the firm may rest assured that they will meet with fair dealing.

## Possibilities.

The case of a deaf-mute who, after thirty-seven years of deafness, fell in the way of a learned M. D., who after sundry operations restored his hearing to the extent of hearing a watch tick, reminds us of a little story which we straightway jot down, not that it is apropos to anything above or hereinafter mentioned, but because it is good. It is complete in itself.

There was once a king or duke we cannot recall the exact title, anyway he was a great personage, who thought his hearing was leaving him, and in great alarm summoned a celebrated physician of the day, who had gained some reputation for success in cases affecting aural displacements. The doctor came and applied his *modus operandi*, which was the application of a run-down watch to the great man's ear. No ticking was heard. Then a few weeks' treatment, and the application of another watch, this time a regular high-ticker, whose sound the patient, of course heard, and imagination completed the cure, as it had begun the disease.

There are doubtless existing—but unrecorded—cases where some defect in the hearing, during childhood, producing deafness, yields promptly to the manipulation of the skillful surgeon. On the other hand there is no end of cases where medical science has been repeatedly tried, but failed to afford the slightest relief. It is also true that some, if not many, belonging to the first of the above cases, never came under examination or treatment and thus a mere stoppage temporary in its nature, settled down into permanence solely from the lack of that attention which would have alleviated it. So when, in after years, remedies are employed, they take more or less effect; but they can never, in the nature of things, do this good they once could have done.

Medicine and surgery are eminently progressive, and the little child of today, lacking in perfect aural organs, has a much better chance of restoration, than he would have had, living a score of

years ago. And while diseases which affect the hearing, such as spotted fever, scarlet fever and their kindred ailments almost always do their work too surely for relief to be obtained, it is by no means true that deafness occurring in early infancy with no known cause, often classed as congenital, must of necessity always compel him thus affected to remain deaf to the end of his days.

## The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

MINNESOTA deaf-mutes are wide awake. They were out playing base ball, Feb. 19th.

At the last reading of the Michigan Reading Club, the editor of the *Mirror*, personated Shylock. "A Daniel came to judgment—yes a Daniel."

Mrs. CAMBIE F. BAZO, wife of the late Prof. Wm. L. Bazo, of the Michigan Institution, died last week. She departed happy in the midst of friends.

ONE would think that it was not difficult to keep one's mouth shut in an institution for the deaf, for one day at least. Yet they tried it at the Michigan Institution and came to grief.

JOHN W. BOWMAN, an old pupil of the Virginia Institution, started from Virginia on foot, last November, with a long walk before him, Iowa being his destination. It is reported that he has arrived safely at the end of his journey.

THE Cave Spring Enterprise, of Georgia, speaking of the removal of Mr. JOHN NICHOLS from the principalship of the North Carolina Deaf and Dumb Institution for political reasons, truthfully remarks that politics should have nothing to do with the government of institutions of that kind, to which we respond a hearty amen, whether the removal be in the interest of Democracy or Republicanism.

THE *Nebraska Journal*, published at the Nebraska Deaf and Dumb Institution, as an institution paper fills the wants for which it was created. The above paper is published regularly once a month excepting the two months of July and August, at which time occurs the annual school vacation. Being more attractive and interesting than ever, the above-named paper is increasing its circulation. The subscription price is fifty cents a year.

TUESDAY afternoon at 4:30, there were about twenty deaf-mutes on board the Boston train at the Union depot, who were returning from their vacation at home to the Northampton deaf-mute school, and who were joined by six or seven schoolmates from this place. It was an interesting sight to see them talk with each other without making signs. They looked all bright and happy. They resume their studies to-day.—*Worcester (Mass.) Daily Press*, March 5, 1877.

WE do not hear the annual talk about the new Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in New Jersey. They have been going to have an institution now for several years, and have accomplished nothing worth recording. Meantime New York has started two new institutions, that do not lack for patronage. By its own figures published the other day, New Jersey paid out last year over twenty-five thousand dollars to educate its deaf in other States. Of course if it likes to spend money away from home it is nobody's business but its own.

BENJAMIN K. BROWN, of South Lawrence, Mass., is employed in the Washington Mills Shaw's Manufacturing of that city. He is an industrious citizen, and intends to "earn his own bread and butter." Mr. BROWN and his wife (formerly Miss PRUDENCE LAMBERT, of Chilmark, Martha's Vineyard), were both graduated at the American Asylum, and were married in 1863. The happy couple boast of five children—two boys and three girls, all of whom can hear and speak. It is unnecessary to add that Mr. BROWN takes the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*, and says he is very much attached to our paper.

PRESIDENT-ELECT Gov. HAYES and Mrs. HAYES were tendered a grand reception at Columbus, Ohio, on the last day of February, and this was what was telegraphed to the New York Times concerning it:

The most touching feature of the ovation was the reception by the Governor and Mrs. HAYES of the unfortunate inmates of the deaf and dumb asylum and the institution for the blind. These are State institutions, and both the Governor and Mrs. HAYES have taken a deep interest in the welfare of the inmates, paying frequent visits to the asylum, so that they became personally known to the teachers and a large number of the pupils. They were the first to be received by the Governor, and marched in procession to the Capitol.

At 4 o'clock P. M. the reception took place in the rotunda, which, with the adjacent corridors, was crowded with citizens. The deaf and dumb pupils, numbering 450, first passed in line, each one shaking hands with the Governor and Mrs. HAYES, while the pupils of the Blind Asylum, 156 in number, stationed on the opposite side of the rotunda, enlivened the scene with excellent vocal music. Their turn came next, and as they were led past the Governor and his wife, they all received a cordial shake of the hand, accompanied by kind expressions from Mrs. HAYES which lighted up their countenances with happy smiles.

## A Table,

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, Mar. 18th.

The Psalter for the 18th day of the month.  
Morning Prayer.  
1st Lesson—Haggai II to V, 10th.  
2d Lesson—Luke XXI.

Evening Prayer.  
1st Lesson—Zechariah XIII.  
2d Lesson—Philippians III.  
Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the fifth Sunday in Lent.

Sunday, Mar. 25th.

The Psalter for the 25th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.  
1st Lesson—Daniel IX.  
2d Lesson—Matthew XXVI.

Evening Prayer.  
1st Lesson—Malachi III, and IV.  
2d Lesson—Hebrews V, to verse 11th.  
Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the Sunday next before Easter.

## James Sullivan again in the Penitentiary.

Friday night, March 2d, James Sullivan, a deaf-mute of Rochester, N. Y., went to the Kremlin dining saloon in that city, and attempted to get a meal by fraud. An attendant, named James Meekins, attempted to eject the man from the place, but the deaf-mute was too hungry to go away without obtaining something to eat, so he commenced trying to eat Mr. Meekins. The latter called in Policeman Mitchell, but this only seemed to sharpen the man's appetite, and even after handcuffs had been placed upon him, he still persisted in trying to chew up the policeman. When the officer finally got him locked up in an apartment at the Hotel de Hyland, he turned about, looking through the bars and exposing his ivory teeth to view, he had every appearance of being desirous to make a meal of the policeman. This is the deaf-mute who was arrested for stealing money from Post's drug store some time since. Though devoid of speech and hearing, he does not seem to lack slippery fingers and sharp teeth. In the police court Saturday, he was sentenced to pay a fine of ten dollars or be imprisoned in the penitentiary for thirty days. He was sent up, and will for a time have an opportunity to feast his appetite on mush and molasses.

## Restored to Hearing.

Mr. Calvin Brown, of this town, who has been deaf and dumb since his infancy (a period of 37 years) has been restored to hearing to the extent of being able to hear the ticking of a watch, and the sounds of the voice in conversation when made a little above the usual pitch. Mr. Brown is a patient of Dr. M. Cavanaugh, of this village, who has accomplished the above mentioned result. Since the treatment Mr. Brown has learned to pronounce some of the letters of the alphabet quite distinctly, and to imitate other sounds of the voice. The result of the treatment has, thus far, met the doctor's most sanguine expectations, and will be a matter of no little surprise to the public. When the nerves of the ear, from use, become sufficiently sensitive, and the vocal cords and muscles sufficiently educated, it is expected that Calvin will be able to converse audibly as fluently as he has heretofore by aid of the dumb alphabet. Your correspondent, for many years, has been acquainted with Mr. Brown's unfortunate situation, and to gratify his own curiosity called upon him while at the doctor's office, and is able to testify to the above facts, having actually heard the dumb man pronounce audibly and distinctly the sounds of the vowels, etc., without even the aid of a hearing trumpet.—*J. A. Seiber, in Oneida Dispatch*.

## Professor Z. F. Westervelt at Wolcott.

We received a call last week from Prof. Z. F. Westervelt, Principal of the Western N. Y. Institution for Deaf-mutes, located in the city of Rochester. Mr. W. informed us that there are now 50 pupils in the institution receiving instruction, and the prospects for the success of the school very flattering. The Prof. was here as interpreter at the marriage ceremony of the daughter of Mr. Cass Pimm, of Huron, on Wednesday last. He spoke very highly of the intelligence of the mutes in this locality. An institution such as Mr. Westervelt is the Principal of is very much needed in this part of the State, and we sincerely hope that this school in Rochester may receive that encouragement and patronage which shall make it a permanent success. An interesting account of the marriage ceremony referred to, may be found on the second page of this week's issue of the *News*.—*Lake Shore News of March 1st, 1877*.

## Deaf-Mute Association.

Monday evening Professor Job Turner arrived in this city from Salem where he had a pleasant service at the rooms of the Salem Deaf-mute Society last Sunday. He will remain here several days, not only to talk to the citizens about the object of his mission, but also to solicit contributions, books, etc., for the Massachusetts Deaf-mute Christian Union. He is happy to inform the citizens of this place, through the *Press*, that several have given handsome contributions and good books to the Deaf-mute Union as presents. These persons have the warmest thanks of the deaf-mute members of the union. Would the other citizens be so kind as to follow their example? The kindness of a lady, whose name must be withheld, who presented the society some good magazines, which she must once have felt like throwing away, is remembered. Would the other ladies of this city please visit her in her liberality? Mr. W. E. Parkhurst, editor of the *Clinton Courier*, kindly sends his paper to the Deaf-mute Association gratis. Professor Turner is now engaged in the humane work of ameliorating the condition of those who do not enjoy the inestimable blessing of vocal speech. He is about to labor extensively in this city and State in behalf of the deaf-mutes, and is cordially recommended to the citizens.—*Worcester Evening Press*, March 6, 1877.

## A. W. Mann Ordained.

The following interesting statement was made during the ordination of Mr. A. W. Mann to the ministry:  
"Austin W. Mann was born in Madison county, Indiana, Dec. 16, 1841. At the age of five and a half years, malignant scarlet fever deprived him of the sense of hearing, but not until he had learned to articulate and read a little. He graduated from the Indiana Institution for Deaf-mutes in 1858. In 1867 he received the appointment as teacher in the Michigan Institution for Deaf-mutes, and honorably and faithfully

filled the position for eight years. He was received into the Church by baptism in the spring of 1868, and confirmed a few months afterwards, at Flint, Mich., by the Bishop of Michigan. In 1873, he was licensed by Bishop McCoskey as lay reader, to work among the adult graduates of the different institutions who had their homes in Flint. Afterwards, at long intervals, Detroit and Jackson, in that State, were visited.

"It was about this time that he was convinced that it was his duty to prepare for the ministry; but as no one of his people had ever been ordained, the obstacles seemed almost insurmountable. Yet the effort was determined on. Freed from the claims of the institution as teacher, he resolved to devote his entire time and all his energies to the work of faith and labor of love. Missions were begun in Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, and Grand Rapids, in addition to those in Detroit, Jackson and Flint. In 1875 services were held by him in Wheeling, W. Va., and recently in Cincinnati the first service was held with such marked interest from those directly concerned, that the effort will be renewed. It is contemplated under the direction of the Bishop, so to systematize this work that regular visitations shall be made on Sundays to the larger fields, and week-day services secured to smaller towns. During his ministrations as lay reader, there have been of deaf-mutes thirteen adults and seventeen infants baptized; seventeen have been confirmed, and fourteen more are now waiting the visit of the Bishops in their respective Dioceses."—*Exchange*.

## Another Railroad Victim.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 9. Mr. Onashe, a deaf and dumb shoemaker, aged 70 years, belonging in Rehoboth, Mass., was killed this evening, by the Boston freight train at India Point.

## Social Gathering of Deaf-Mutes.

The *Daily Press* of Worcester, Mass., under date of March 8th has the following:

Yesterday evening the deaf-mute residents of this city had an interesting social gathering at their rooms in Gorham's Block. They almost all made good impromptu speeches. Prof. Turner was present for the first time, and was pleased with what they said. From what they said, they can understand how to read, and convey their ideas well. A few days ago, a gentleman of this city surprised Prof. Turner very much by asking him if he had anything in his mind, and he replied that the educated deaf-mute reasoned as well as those who could hear and speak.

D. W. Carney, a graduate of the Deaf-mute College at Washington city, has been requested to deliver a lecture before the Deaf-mute Association next Wednesday evening, and has accepted.

## Who is Guilty?

A LITTLE DEAF-MUTE'S LITTLE STATE.

The trial of Warren Clough, of Seward, Nebraska, has just been ended in a verdict of guilty. The evidence against him was circumstantial, but convincing. Since the conviction the spirits of the departed have returned to tax him with other murders, the mediums being a little deaf and dumb girl named Ellis, and two half-witted women, all of Seward. Their disclosures have made a profound impression upon the impressionable minds of the Sewardites. On Saturday night twenty people repaired to the house of Mr. Ellis, the father of the little six-year-old medium. After much persuasion the party was admitted. There were two other mediums, both women. The girl ordinarily can neither read nor write. But under this influence she grasps the pencil in a peculiar manner, and really answers all questions. After satisfying their curiosity, the visitors turned their attention to the Clough murder. The three mediums all wrote on the slates that Warren Clough had murdered three men at Seward besides his brother.

About two years ago a man, a stranger, hitched his team in front of Clough's Hotel, and was never heard of afterward. The man was supposed to have some money, as he was endeavoring to buy property in Seward. It was always supposed that he had absconded for some misdemeanor. The little girl, however, recalled the incident, and said that Warren Clough killed him, and threw the body into an old well in one of the stalls in his barn. About a year ago another stranger boarded at Clough's four weeks and suddenly disappeared. He was known to have some money. When last seen he was leaving the hotel in slippers. The little girl says that Clough murdered him and threw the body into the well with the other one. It gets a man in to trouble in Seward to question this revelation.—*Exchange*.

OLIVE, ULSTER CO., N. Y., Sept. 6, '76. I have sold Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup for some years past. It has taken the place of nearly all other cough remedies, with my customers. They seldom call for any other. I warrant it for general throat and lung diseases, and for croup and whooping cough, as safe and effectual.

No one can give so reliable information in regard to the value and sale of a medicine as the dealer. Ask your druggist what he knows about this remedy. Gratuitous samples can almost always be obtained. For sale by dealers generally. 50-4w.

Geo. Goodell has been quite sick for about a week with a disorder of the brain. His physician, Dr. Johnson, thinks that his disease was caused by his jumping from a second story window of the Academy. We are glad to learn that his condition is somewhat improving.

## Metecology.

Come, ye sighing sons of sorrow,  
Review with me the winter's gloom.

The change of seasons deserves our utmost attention and admiration. It is not affected by blind chance, for in fortuitous events there is neither order, constancy nor regularity; whereas in every country of the earth, the seasons succeed each other regularly, as the day follows the night, and precisely in the expected time the aspect of the earth changes. We see it successively adorned with leaves, flowers, and fruits. It is then deprived of its ornaments till spring returns to restore them with beauty. And though in winter Nature seems to droop, and to be dead, this season is not without its benefits.

The average temperature of the three winter months—Dec., 1876, Jan. and Feb., 1877—at 7 A. M., was 17.8°; at 2 P. M., 25.9°; and at 9 P. M., 19.8° Mean temperature, 21°. During the past twenty-three winters, there have been six colder than the one just past, viz., 1856-7, '64-5, '67-8, '71-2, '72-3, and '74-5, and seventeen warmer. Although the past winter has been considered a severe one, yet it will be seen that we have had less snow than on some others. The past winter, 7 ft., 1 in. The winters with more snow are as follows: 1855-6, 11 ft., 1 in.; '56-7, 7 ft., 3 in.; '65-6, 7 ft., 6 in.; '66-7, 8 ft., 8 in.; '67-8, 8 ft., 6 in.; '68-9, 9 ft., 4 in. The least amount fell in 1858-9, 1 ft., 9 in.

A remarkable characteristic of this winter in this locality, was that the fall of snow was accompanied by unusually strong gales of wind and consequently the snow was badly drifted.

We have just emerged from a winter that will long be remembered. We have had a continuous run of sleighing all through, and during the first two months of the time *Achilles* held the reins pretty tightly, for it was one incessant whirl from east to west, and backward almost within the twenty-four hours. Equally surprising was the "get up" of a snow storm. There was no telling whence it came. Then again the mercury followed suit and dodged in like fashion from 13° below zero to 49° above.

There has been some compensation however in point of sunshine. In all there have been twenty-seven clear mornings beside a number that might be called pleasant. As a general thing, the colder the season the brighter the skies.

E. B. BARTLETT.

Palermo, N. Y., March 12, 1877.

## The Blue Glass Mania.

The blue glass mania, which is spreading with such great rapidity throughout the land, has reached Mexico, yes, even staid old Mexico. It is stated that quite a number of our citizens have already tested the virtues of blue glass, and that, too, with the most gratifying results. For a long time past many of our young ladies have been wont to wear blue spectacles, to aid them in their studies if not their attractions. But no one had any idea, till recently, that blue glass possessed such remarkable healing properties. According to report, the cures effected by it are truly wonderful—so wonderful, in fact, that they seem almost incredible.

It is said that by sun-baths through blue glass, one young lady of this place had a wart removed from her chin; another had a bunion cured in a few hours; one young man had a hair lip straightened and made to look like other people's lips; another was cured of squinting in a day and a half; and still another, who was round-shouldered, now rejoices in an erect and symmetrical form. And report hath it that one of our citizens, noted for the redness of his nose, had that redness removed by simply rubbing his nose against a piece of blue glass and looking at the sun for half an hour. His nose is now pale and well-shaped, much to the delight of himself and friends. It is needless to state that he is a firm believer in—blue glass.

Some of our young ladies, for the want of blue glass helmets, are coming out with blue veils of double thickness.

## PALERMO.

Last Tuesday, "Town Meeting Day," was cold but pleasant, quite a large attendance at the polls, and a great deal of interest manifested. Each party trying their "level best" to beat the other. However the republicans made a clean sweep, electing D. H. Tremble, for supervisor. Notwithstanding the democrats before his nomination were giving him the praise. After his election what a change in democratic sentiment, it reminds me of this story:

"There was once an old democrat who, for the first time in his life, went to hear a colored preacher, who proved to be a smart talker. The old man could not help liking him, and exclaimed during the sermon, and as he was passing out of the church, 'Smartest fellow I ever heard, very smart fellow, splendid sermon' and so on. Outside of the church they had put up the week before new steps and no railing had been put on. The steps were high, and were beside a cellar way. As the old man passed out he was so busily engaged in eulogizing the preacher, that as he went into the dark he walked directly off the top step and fell headlong into the opening of the cellar. Just as he struck the bottom those who came out with him, and who expected that he was dangerously if not fatally injured, heard a voice from the depths below repeating 'D—that nigger! D—that nigger'."

Palermo, March 10, 1877.

Mrs. John Owen, who died recently in Palermo, at the age of 71 years, was the mother of eleven children, and never was attended by a physician.

## NORTH VOLNEY.

The social for the benefit of Rev. J. A. Cosgrove came off last Wednesday evening, at the residence of Mrs. S. J. Duane. Old and young vied with each other in making this an event worthy of its high object. The genial smiles of the guests as they were welcomed, made the brilliantly lighted and spacious rooms look more bright and airy; whilst the twittering of bashful misses, the self-possession of stately dames, and the calm assurance of old gentlemen, made a contrast delightful to behold. But these things moved us not, for our mind was on those things which the eye could not see but the olfactory had discerned through the closed doors of an adjoining room, so that when the announcement came that supper was ready, there was no need of a second bidding. It needed but a glance at the table to satisfy the most fastidious epicure that there was enough for all. There was nothing lacking, not even those much-abused essentials, the newspaper correspondents. Of the games that were played, the hearts lost and won, it becometh us not to write. But one thing we will say, that if the minister, or any great public good, be accomplished by such means as we have endeavored to slightly portray, we shall be there.

STEEL PEN.

North Volney, Mar. 10, 1877.

## "Verbarium"

Is a game for home amusement, quite entertaining for older people as well as children, and has this advantage, that both can join in it.

Each person has paper and pencil. After choosing a word, let each person write as many words as possible (using only the letters in the given word) in five minutes, then compare the lists by the reader calling out aloud the words he has written, each one checking off those that are alike; those who have a word that no one else has written can count two; those misspelling a word pay a forfeit.

Or let children take a word and see how many words they can write from the letters contained in it—it teaches the little ones and sometimes the father and mother how to spell correctly.

No letter is to be used twice unless it occurs twice in the foundation word.

George Conklin, of this village, with some help, made 179 words from the letters in the word Constantinople.

## NEW HAVEN.

The friends of Rev. Mr. Manson and family, to the number of 60, went last evening and took the parsonage by storm, pounding the inmates to the number of about 400 pounds; after this demonstration of their pounding propensities, an oyster supper was next in order. We understand it was a surprise to the older members of the family.

Mr. John Owens, (husband of Mrs. Owens, whose death was noticed last week), died very suddenly yesterday afternoon. Mr. Owens was in usual health until the death of his wife last week, since which time he has seemed to care for nothing, but has gradually failed. Mr. Owens was 71 years of age.

A school exhibition will be held this evening at the stone school house in the Cheever district.

OCCASIONAL.

New Haven, Mar. 13th, 1877.

## A Reception to Hon. W. H. Baker.

CONSTANTIA, March 12.—To-night the citizens of this town, without distinction of party, and to the number of several hundred united in a complimentary testimonial to Hon. W. H. Baker. The people of Constantia, Cleveland and Bernhardt's Bay met at Brown's Hotel in the village of Constantia, marched in procession to the residence of Mr. Baker and serenaded him. Mr. Baker appeared and was greeted with cheers. An address was made, and resolutions read and passed congratulatory and complimentary. Mr. Baker responded in fitting terms; the band played again and the gathering broke up in the best of spirits.—*Cyr. Ove. Palladium*.

## The Free Baptists of Oswego County.

The Oswego county quarterly meeting of Free Baptists held its last session with the Free Baptist church in this village, commencing Friday evening, March 2d. This quarterly meeting is composed of eight churches, a membership of about five hundred communicants, with between five and six hundred Sabbath school scholars. Sermons were preached by Rev. Mr. Joy of Oneonta, Rev. S. W. Schoonover, Rev. A. P. Phinney of Parish. The next session will be held with the Scriba church. Reports from the churches show a need of more pastors and clearly indicate a hopeful field for the Free Baptists if the necessary labor can be secured.—*Phoenix Register*.

Two small families in this village have been living in the same house, paying a rent of \$80 per year therefore. The house was plenty large enough for both, but they thought they were paying too much rent; so recently to lighten (O) their expenditures, one family moved into a house for which a rent of \$60 had to be paid; the other one has hired a house for \$70 per year.

Rev. Geo. W. Williams, formerly of Oswego and the 24th New York Volunteers, died suddenly in Carroll county, Tennessee, last month.

Miss Beebe's class in Painting and Drawing at the Academy, began last Monday. We understand that the attendance is very good.

## Letter from Indiana.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., March 9th, 1877.

ED. INDEPENDENT.—This place is known to all intelligent American readers as the home of Hon. Schuyler Colfax, also to many as the location of three of the largest manufacturing in their line in this country. We find here the cabinet or wood-work shops of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, at which is made and finished the wood work of all the Singer Machines made in this country. Here also we find the carriage shops of the Studebaker Brothers, claimed to be the most extensive of the kind in the world. I learn that they give employment to about 500 persons constantly, besides having a multitude of agents selling their goods all over the world. Here also are located the vast foundries and shops of the South Bend Iron works, where no other goods are now manufactured but the justly popular *Oliver Patent Chilled Plow*, and as this celebrated plow is being largely sold in your vicinity, and is fast becoming favorably known throughout your county, it may be interesting to your readers for me to try to give some idea of the small beginning and present immensity of the manufacture and sale of the *Oliver*. Prior to 1863 Mr. James Oliver, the inventor and patentee, ran a small foundry, employing one or two men. During that year he conceived the idea of some radical improvements in the rough unsatisfactory plow he, with others all over the country, was making. Late in the season of 1865 he brought out a plow that bears but little similarity in model to the complete tool as now made, and his process of chilling was identical with that employed by other plow companies, claiming to make chilled plows; but the chill was only from one side, chilling part way through only, and leaving some parts much softer than others. So it in wear showed ridges and crevices. This was not satisfactory to Mr. Oliver. By much study and expensive experiments, in 1870 he perfected and got patented his present method of chilling, or *converting* the best grades of soft gray iron (by a process of casting) into a metal as hard as a tempered file, and of a perfect uniform hardness throughout. The test of this metal and the plow was so satisfactory that he at once bent all his energies on the manufacture of his plow and by superhuman efforts he succeeded in making and getting into the hands of farmers fifteen hundred plows in 1871. In the autumn favorable reports of the working of the plow began to pour in upon him, and having exhausted his means on his inventions, he found himself somewhat financially crippled. He then conceived the idea of forming a joint stock company, and finally succeeded in this way to raise a capital of \$50,000. In 1872 the company made and sold over 3,000 plows, and since that the sales have doubled every year. So that in 1876 over 75,000 Oliver plows were made and sold, and for 1877 the sale will undoubtedly reach the enormous number of 125,000 plows. The company has now an actual paid up capital of a half million dollars, all of which is exclusively used in the production of



## CORRESPONDENCE.

### Chicago Correspondence.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

CHICAGO, Ill., March 5, 1877.  
DEAR MR. RIDER:—According to previous announcement, Rev. A. W. Mann appeared at St. James' Church at 3 o'clock p. m., yesterday, to hold services for the deaf-mutes of this city. It had been known for some time that he would be here, but yesterday was as bright as any one could wish. There was but a fair attendance, and many faces were missing that might have been there. The stay-at-homes missed a rare opportunity of seeing (not hearing) a very interesting sermon. "Salute," your regular correspondent, wishes me to state that she arrived at the meeting a little behind time and occupied a back seat where she could not bring her visual organs into effective play, consequently she was not able to be "ye chiel among ye takin' notes."

Mr. Mann preached his sermon without notes, and, as it was not delivered in plain English, it was difficult to do justice to it even in a brief synopsis here. His theme in brief was "Faith." He began by calling attention to the great importance of faith as a means of salvation since by faith we are saved. There might be questions of great moment, such as the settlement of a disputed presidency, the continued peace and prosperity of a country, and thousands of other things in which we take an absorbing interest, but all these are insignificant trifles compared to the importance of obtaining final salvation. That is a question of far greater moment, a question involving our happiness for all eternity. Mr. Mann then gave illustrations of the powerful influence of faith over the actions of men. He called attention to the great faith of those who dared the perils of the stormy seas, and endured the blazing sun of the tropical climes in their search for diamonds, or who ran the gauntlet of wild beasts and wilder men, in their faith that there was a fortune in store for them in the gold mines of California. He related an incident of an old man who had faith in the existence of a spring whose waters could impart the vigor of youth and prolong life, and in spite of his age and weakness, he traveled thousands of miles in search of that wonderful spring. Calling attention to what faith enables men to do, he said it was Columbus' faith in his ability to find a new route to India by sailing around the earth that prompted him to venture out on the unknown seas; so on in the innumerable grand achievements of man, it is faith that induced him to put forth his most strenuous endeavors to the accomplishment of his object. He said we do not never seek grace in vain unless we do it doubtfully. We must have faith. We may be well enough aware of our sinful state and that some remedy is necessary, but if we seek the remedy at the throne of grace, we must take our faith along with us. For instance, what could a watchmaker do, if one brought him a broken watch to be repaired, and had no faith in his ability to do it properly? Might not he ask: "If you had no faith in me, what did you bring it here for?" Or again if a patient called in a physician, would it be of any use to do so, if he had no faith in the physician's skill. Thus it is seen that faith springs from confidence. Faith gives strength. Faith and love are inseparable. One cannot love a friend who has no faith in him. Those who put their trust in riches lose everything when life ends. Those who put their faith in God gain life everlasting. How many are standing idle because they have no faith in their ability to assist the cause of Christ. None can plead that their efforts, if properly directed, would be unavailing. Now, suppose that one should give a few words of timely admonition to an erring brother, and it should turn him from his waywardness, and he, in turn, should exert the same influence over others, and they again spread it further, and so on and at the end of a thousand years, how much good will have been accomplished! His efforts like the ripples caused by a pebble in a limitless sea, will live forever. Therefore have courage and faith. Faith and works move the boat that carries us to the safe harbor.

Mr. Mann is quite an agreeable gentleman in a social point of view. He is so quiet, unobtrusive, and simple in his address, that one cannot help admiring him. Though easy and natural in the expression of his ideas, he seems to have thought much before saying anything. He seems to be doing good wherever he goes, and it is to be regretted that he can not visit us oftener than he has done. He goes from city to city laboring enthusiastically for the cause of Christ.

After the meeting in the church, a larger number of deaf-mutes assembled in the deaf-mute society room at 7:30 p. m., where it was expected Mr. Mann would address the muties again, but he was obliged to leave for Milwaukee. Mr. C. I. Williams of the Wisconsin Institution was present and delivered a lecture, chiefly of a scientific character. He began with general remarks on the disposition of people to dispute with each other about their respective beliefs. He had noticed with amusement some engaged in heated discussions over the healing power of "blue glass." He said he believed in blue glass a little; he believed in the healing power of light; he believed in the existence of the soul; he believed in one God; and he believed in the Bible. This is a pretty good platform without that blue glass clause. He managed to quote scripture to bolster up his blue glass theory: "But unto you that fear my name shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings."—Malachi, 4:2. He gave us an interesting argument in favor of blue glass, and gave instances of its efficacy of which he had heard. He spoiled his fine argument by saying that he had never tried it himself.

Miss Carrie Hathaway is out in the country where she expects to spend a month, during which time her numerous friends here will anxiously await her return.

The muties talk of having a candy pull to-morrow, and the dentists are rejoicing over the prospect of having another kind of pull.

### The Flying Journey of Prof. Job Turner.

MALDEN, Mass., March 3, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On the 16th ult. I was about to start from here for Providence, not only to officiate for the deaf-mutes, but also to assist them in founding a new society in that city for the improvement of their moral, intellectual and religious condition, when I received a letter from my dear friend, Mr. Thomas Brown, of West Heniker, N. H., in which he informed me that Mr. Thomas Head, of Hookest, would give his deaf-mute intimate friend, Mr. Archibald Allison, of Concord, N. H., a birthday party at his residence on the evening of the 21st, and that he would be happy to have me ask a blessing and make a speech at the party, which invitation I accepted at once with pleasure.

A few minutes afterward I took the express train for Providence, and stopped at Pawtucket to stay with my true friends, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Brown, who welcomed me again. The next morning I took a street car for Providence, where I attended to a little business. I called on President Robinson, of Brown University, and had a very pleasant conversation with him in writing, about holding a service for deaf-mutes, and making an address in favor of the establishment of a deaf-mute society in that city. He advised me to postpone my address till April, and insisted upon my talking with various pastors about the object of my mission, for a few days beforehand, and requesting them to give notice to their people to get them prepared. I acquiesced with his counsel. A true friend and a wise adviser did I find in him.

On the 18th inst. I had a very pleasant service in the Central Baptist committee room, where there was a good number of deaf-mutes, one of whom had come from a distance to hear the word of God preached in the sign language. After service Mr. James Budlong invited me to dine with him and his family. I enjoyed his hospitality very much. In his dining-room stands an ancient clock, which has seen over one hundred winters. I was told it was a good time-keeper. Mr. Budlong is a first-class clock maker. I have seen some of his works, and found them well and tastefully made.

I staid with Mr. and Mrs. Brown in Pawtucket till the forenoon of the 21st, when I took the lightning train for Boston, and Concord, N. H., at half-past ten o'clock, and found myself at Hookest, about eight miles from Concord, at half-past two o'clock. A very quick journey did I have from Providence to Hookest in four hours!

On my arrival at Hookest I met with a very warm reception from Mr. Head and his deaf-mute wife. A very joyous meeting there was between Mr. Head, his sister (Miss Mary Dennison), and myself, because we had not seen each other for forty-one years. I found a good number of deaf-mutes who had arrived at the house before me.

On the evening of the 21st a good many deaf-mute and hearing persons occupied the rooms. I noticed many prominent citizens among them, one of whom was once high sheriff of the county. The party was honored with the presence of Thomas Brown, the deaf-mute Cincinnati of West Heniker, N. H., and George Kent, the deaf-mute angler of Amherst. A gay appearance did it present, and an interesting sight was it made by the smiling faces of those two pretty deaf-mute ladies, Misses Cole and Sargent, from Concord, N. H.

The invited guests from a distance were Misses Cole and Sargent, of Concord, N. H.; Almus Smith and his sister Sarah, of New Boston; Frank Bartlett and his sister Harriet, of Nottingham; Erasmus D. Preston, of West Heniker, and others. Among the prominent speaking citizens were Mr. and Mrs. Cochran, of Pembroke; and Capt. Geo. H. L. Head.

At the request of Mr. Head I opened with prayer, after which Mr. Head made a few appropriate remarks of welcome, saying that he felt that he was so far removed as to be able to walk about with the assistance of a cane, and that he was happy to see his friends assembled before him. He was followed by Mr. Brown, who made a good speech to Mr. Allison, while Capt. Geo. H. L. Head read the written address for the hearing guests. Mr. Brown spoke as follows:—  
"MR. ARCHIBALD ALLISON.—OUR FACHS-ELOR EXCELLED: This evening we, your friends, both mute and hearing, meet here, welcomed at this comfortable house by your intimate friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas N. Head, to honor your forty-fifth birthday with a proper presentation service. Your correct conduct and industry meet with our approval and appropriate respect. We hope that while your bachelorship remains you will enjoy this testimonial. We should guess that you have preferred a life of single blessedness according to St. Paul's advice. Perhaps you hardly know how to court, and when Cupid might touch your heart with a dart, some of us would like to help you to study how to court. Should you remain in a bachelor's life, we think it proper to advise you to have a small, comfortable bedroom and a spare room furnished, to sleep alone and read and receive an occasional call from your friends. When your feet are cold, in a cold night, you can put at your feet a warm brick or stone. My son wishes me to tell you that he hopes you may see many returns of a happy birthday, and of a gratifying reflection on his testimonial day; also that you be called

the mute pedestrian of the Granite State. You have cause to be thankful that you were sent to school in Hartford to learn to write and read. Fifty-five years ago, when I went to school, there were but two mute schools in this country, now there are more than forty, so advantage to mute education. Twenty-seven years since the silver presents to Gallaudet and Clerc, now dead, mute societies have increased in great numbers. Two deaf-mutes have become deacons and ministers for deaf-mutes, and we hope to have some mute ordained deacon for New England in the future. We trust that while you live well, you may use some fine means towards the benefit of your mute brethren, and lead a virtuous life that you may reap the happy rewards of the friendship and respect of your friends and Divine favor in a better world. Accept this watch as a token of our appreciation."

Mr. Allison accepted the present with warm thanks. At the request of my friend, Miss Cole, I tendered to him a beautifully-wrought and finely-planned motto, "Simply I cling to thee," in a walnut frame, which he received with pleasure.

Then I was requested to make a speech, which I regretted to find myself unprepared to do, and asked the party to excuse me.

Mr. George Kent made a funny speech, which amused the party very much indeed.

At the close of the ceremony Miss Lizzie L. Cole rendered the Lord's Prayer in a very graceful manner.

We were then led to another room, where we seated ourselves at a bountiful-laden table. At the request of Mr. Head, I asked a blessing. We spent the night in social conversation and amusements.

I want to say a word about Mr. Allison. He lives in Concord, N. H., and is said to be the most skillful shoemaker in that city. Gentlemen often come to that city from a distance to ask him to measure them for shoes or boots, which suit them at once when done. He would make an excellent foreman in the workshop of a Deaf-mute Institution.

On the forenoon of the 23d, I was obliged to take leave of Mr. and Mrs. Head, at half-past ten o'clock, to start for Worcester, which place I reached about three o'clock. Misses Lake, Soper, and Jackson, and Mr. Soper, all of Lowell, and Frank Rice, of Winchendon, joined me from Nashua to Worcester.

In the evening we had a grand levee, an account of which has already been published in the DEAF-MUTE'S JOURNAL. I was much pleased with the tableaux.

On the morning of the 23d I left Worcester to visit Mr. and Mrs. Wood at Natick, once the home of the late Vice President Wilson. I had a very pleasant time there till the night of the 24th, when I got back to Worcester, where I had an enjoyable Sabbath with my deaf-mute people. On the following forenoon I received a pleasant call from Dr. Gallaudet, who got off at Worcester to see me, which was a compliment to me. I had a very friendly talk with him for about an hour and a half. He started for Hartford to see his son at Trinity College.

During my visit at Natick, I called to see my friend Mr. A. F. Osgood, whom I found to be a true gentleman. To my regret I could not talk with him long for want of time. Mr. Wood gave me a very beautiful bouquet just before I left for Worcester. He intends to send a large box of beautiful and rare flowers to the Virginia Institution at Staunton. Nobody knows how extensively I am laboring in the vineyard of God in Western Massachusetts, where I expect to canvass every town and village for contributions, with addresses, for the Worcester Deaf-mute Society, under whose auspices I am now engaged in the work of ameliorating the condition of those who do not enjoy the inestimable blessing of vocal speech.

JOB TURNER.

### Letter from a Typo.

NAPLES, N. Y., Mar. 5, 1877.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—Our political dispute has ended in peace, and we are not talking much now about politics, but have settled down to the quiet enjoyment of regular March weather. Our esteemed JOURNAL came to us on Saturday morning of last week, and we read the eleven and a half columns of the deaf-mute department, consisting of 35,500 ems, in the evening of the same Saturday, and we measured the Bourgeois rule on the long Primer lines in our JOURNAL. One of the best printers can not set up for any paper the above number of ems in six days, but two compositors can do it in less than four days. We declare that our JOURNAL is very good. The paper is clear and firm, and its long Primer types are so large and plain that our old folks can read the lines without spectacles. The other dailies and weeklies are printed in Brevier and Nonpareil types, which are smaller than our JOURNAL types.

The first part of your article in relation to postponing the Elmir Convention till 1878 was discouraging, but when we read a little farther on and learned that six out of nine of the board were opposed to the postponing, and that the convention would be held the coming summer, we were well pleased. Postponement seems to work injury to our society. We are pleased to read in the JOURNAL of our loving deaf-mute friends. I hope the readers of the JOURNAL will furnish us as much original deaf-mute news as they can, so that you will be able to fill fourteen columns of that kind of reading.

H. F.

—His girl lives in the country, some three or four miles from this place, and he becomes lonesome riding out there and back alone, so the other evening he had his little sister accompany him. The question is, where did he put her while doing his courting?

### A Deaf-Mute Adventurer.

A letter was, long ago, received from a deaf-mute named Joseph R. Ridings, a graduate of the Virginia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, informing me that he had a quarrel with two deaf-mute Catholics at Santa Fe, New Mexico, a few days before. He marched with an U. S. army from Missouri to Santa Fe, to mend and make shoes for the soldiers. While the army was encamped there, he went to a splendid Catholic Cathedral out of curiosity, with some of the U. S. soldiers. He met two deaf-mute Catholics, with whom he talked by signs. They told him that they belonged to the cathedral, and he spoke against their religion, which enraged them so much that they would have knocked him down with the assistance of their friends, but the U. S. soldiers defended him from them and took him back to the camp. He might have been more prudent.

Yours truly, JOB TURNER.  
Salem, Mass., March 4th, 1877.

### Manhattan Literary Association.

On the 15th ult., the following question was discussed before the Manhattan Literary Association:—"Should the officers in the gift of the Executive be filled by men chosen for their peculiar fitness or by men chosen for their fidelity and service to the party?" Messrs. Klingman and Wells went for service and fidelity; while Messrs. King and Karvt went for peculiar fitness. As the question was a tough one, the debate lasted an hour and a half, and the result was eight for service and fidelity, while seven were for peculiar fitness.

SHAKESPEARE.

### To Mr. and Mrs. Michael Joseph Jenkins of South Carolina.

MY DEAR OLD PUPILS:—THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL has this morning brought me the sad intelligence of the death of your bright little daughter Daisy. What a hard blow it must have been to you both. Sincerely do I wish that I could clearly express to you the deep sympathy which I cannot help feeling in the great bereavement which you have sustained. I would desire to advise you, as a true friend, not only to submit to the will of God, but also to conduct yourselves so as to meet her in that sweet home above. Look at Christ who says, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. 19, 14. The Sabbath after the death of his wife, a doctor once expressed himself from the pulpit in the following manner: "I have had an irreparable loss; and no man can feel a loss of this kind more sensibly than myself; but the cross of a dying Jesus is my support: I fly from one death for refuge to another." How much superior was the comfort of the Christian divine to that of the heathen philosopher, Pliny the Younger, who says that in similar distresses study was his only relief. Truly do I wish to assure you of my increasing respect for you both, as you were once good pupils under my tuition.

Yours most sincerely,  
JOB TURNER.

Malden, Mass., Mar. 3, 1877.

### Romance.

"Oh, Ella, my child, you have had all of gold and silver now. This is the last. Ella, Ella, I did offer you five presents, Oh, God, do not forget me! Oh, my poor Ella, you were so good years ago; now you are gone from me; you have left your poor mother. Good by, my Ella, good by. All the gold and silver in the world is good for nothing to you now, my poor child. Ella, Ella, my darling, good by."

The above is a deeply affecting scene—a fitting finale of a tragedy, full of gloom and mystery. But it was not so gloomy and mysterious to the writer when he innocently picked up a piece of paper containing it on one of the avenues in New York, and which was rudely dropped by a young deaf and dumb lady, (the writer at first took it for a "piece of the flirtation line," but when a lady dressed in black, who had been standing on the corner, came up and prevented him from putting it in his pocket, and took it away and began to sob, his sympathies were stirred in her favor. He saw the poor lady look at the fashionable (?) young Miss Ella—who was taking nimble steps across the street!—this made the writer think of the words of Lady Macbeth, "Despite her exterior calm in her walking hours, the sleep-walking scene shows how her over-charged heart influences her."

The lady in black, when the writer offered her the piece of paper, began to speak to him, knowing nothing of his inability to hear, but when she was informed of it, she began to talk with the manual alphabet, much to the surprise of the writer. It is needless to relate all that followed, as a few words will describe the foolish doings of this heroine (?)

Miss Ella—who is a deaf and dumb girl, who was educated at the— Institution and graduated in 187—, and resides with her mother and father in a humble tenement on—avenue. After graduating, Miss Ella wanted her parent to buy her fine dresses, so that she could attract public attention, but the mother being unable to spend the few copper she had for silks, while she had to supply the family with bread, she bought Ella to be patient and not care so much about the cold world which she, like the Scotchman, needed a surgical operation before she could understand the meaning of "hard times." Ella insisted on what she deemed necessary, and after finding that her parents could not supply her demands, she left her paternal roof and married a dashing young man from whom she had accepted an engagement ring against her parent's wishes.

The mother, an aged woman, seeks for a few slight favors from Ella, but every time she turns a cold shoulder to her. The writer withdrew when Ella made her appearance, only to see what the heart-broken mother wanted for the first time in a month.

Here is a deaf and dumb girl rejecting the good advice of an aged mother, who has toiled hard for years to bring her up, and now before she is twenty years old she has left the paternal roof to seek shelter with a worthless young man, who will probably finally forsake her, leaving her in distressed circumstances. From the Garden of Eden to the present hour, and till the end of time, woman's true place will be in the home and all attempts to abandon it, as young Ella has, without her parents' consent are sure to end in disaster and disappointment. In view of all the facts of this painful case, it seems almost needless to say to young girls, be careful never to give your mothers cause for such distress and suffering as this poor woman endures.

JACKO.

### An Electoral Tribunal Not Wanted.

The Manhattan Literary Association of New York, held its annual spring election for the first time since the alteration of the constitution, changing the time from May to March. On the evening of the 1st of March the rooms were pretty well jammed with curiosity-seekers, all anxious to know who would be the next President—not of the United States, but of the Association—and all eyes were kept on the officers as they proceeded to business. After the calling to order by the President, the Secretary read the minutes which were on motion adopted. The President said he did not see how those in arrears could cast their votes. The Secretary said that there was nothing in the constitution prohibiting members from voting in case their dues were not paid, and he said that he did not see why the members were allowed to vote last year while the same was as it is now. He said that would require a surgical operation on the first person who made the point. Mr. John Carlin, who was present, gave some interesting points, and said that it would be better for the Board of Control to decide whether those whose dues were in arrears could cast their votes or not. The Secretary, Mr. Bond rose and offered the following resolution: "Resolved, That the Board of Control be empowered to investigate the point in discussion and report as to whether those whose dues are in arrears can cast their votes or not." The resolution was unanimously adopted, and the Board of Control after holding a "secret session," returned, and the President announced that they had agreed in the affirmative, and on taking a vote, it was found that the motion of the Board of Control was also unanimously adopted. Mr. Bond named the venerable John Carlin, who Mr. Bond said was the founder of the association and he would not allow the society he founded to go to "ashes," as chairman with Messrs. F. Stratton and M. Heyman as tellers. After some filibustering the three retired and brought out the nominees for the important offices, and the election proceeded as follows:

For President, Frank Campbell, the regular candidate, received seven votes, against five for Bond a "stump candidate," while McClellan, and Jas. Lewis, the regular candidates for the other ticket received two and one respectively, with one scattering. Next came the name of Mr. G. H. Witschief, the regular candidate for first Vice President, against F. Klingman, the former receiving six and the latter seven votes, with three scattering. The candidates for second Vice President ran next, and the regular candidates, Messrs. J. Weinberger and S. Schloss, were "stumped" by McClellan and G. H. Witschief, but Schloss ran ahead with eight votes, against G. H. Witschief, who received six votes, leaving Weinberger, the regular candidate, without a single vote, and giving McClellan one, with one scattering. The candidates for the office of Secretary were watched with the closest "eye," on-ly to see Mr. Bond carry the whole because his name was put in letters not less than 2 inches large, but he was defeated by A. Ekardt, his regular antagonist, by a sweeping vote of eleven to three, with one vote for McClellan. But the defeat was no surprise, because Mr. Bond gave it away on his own account. The candidates for the Treasury were "tied." Jas. S. Wells and D. H. King, both regular candidates, with Fitzgerald as a "stump" candidate. The vote for this position was six for Wells, and six for King, with only one for Fitzgerald, and three scattering. On this announcement a second ballot was taken, and resulted in the election of Jas. S. Wells by ten, against King's three, while Fitzgerald still got one, leaving two scattering. There were no regular candidates for the position of Sergeant-at-arms, and W. A. Bond nominated McClellan, who in turn nominated Bond. But Fitzgerald nominated G. H. Witschief. At this ballot Bond received six votes against McClellan's three, and G. H. Witschief four, with three scattering. When Bond was declared to be the possessor of that dignified position, he was received with applause and loud stamping, but he told those to keep out of his "boots-toes-eyes," knowing that he had not accepted, even if elected. At this point the members grew quite lively, and when Mr. Carlin, after declaring that Mr. Campbell had received the most votes for the Presidency, he (Mr. Carlin) asked Mr. Campbell if he would accept it, and he replied in the affirmative. F. Klingman, who received the highest for the first Vice Presidency, answered in the affirmative, and so did S. Schloss who received the eight votes for second Vice Presidency. Mr. A. Ekardt, after receiving an inquiry, also reported in the affirmative, so did Jas. S. Wells, who was elected Treasurer for the second time. When the chairman turned to Mr. W. A. Bond, and asked him if he would accept the

office of Sergeant-at-Arms, he replied in the negative, much to the disgust of his supporters. The next highest was G. H. Witschief, but he followed his victorious opponent and declined; S. W. McClellan was the third to be asked, but he declined—another vote was then taken for the Sergeant-at-Arms' post, and the result was King eleven, Davane four, and one scattering. As Mr. King was absent it could not be ascertained whether he would accept or not, but in case he does not, his opponent, Mr. Davane, will be asked to accept, and in case he declines, a new election for Sergeant-at-Arms will be had. A large number was absent, but there was a quorum. The following officers for the ensuing year will be installed next May:

President—F. Campbell; first Vice President—F. Klingman; second Vice President—S. Schloss; Secretary—A. Ekardt; Treasurer—Jas. S. Wells; Sergeant-at-Arms; D. H. King. On motion of Bond, the meeting adjourned at nearly eleven o'clock.

METROPOLIS.

### A Sad Bereavement.

The friends and acquaintances of Mr. Abraham Lowensfel will deeply deplore the loss they have sustained in the death of the above-named person, and they will deeply sympathize with the family of the deceased. Mr. Lowensfel was a deaf-mute, apparently 20 years old, and as far as I am able to learn, he was educated at the school for the Improved Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, situated on Broadway, New York. Graduating, he commenced his future life in the metropolis. He gave promise of special brightness in intellect, and showed remarkable talent not only in articulation, but in all branches of study to which he devoted himself while at home. Mr. Lowensfel was in excellent health, and was a regular attendant of the Manhattan Literary Association, and showed signs of usefulness. But on Sunday he gave, as I learn, signs of fatigue, and failing rapidly, he was borne to his bed, much to the surprise of his acquaintances, and on Monday, the 21st of Feb., he sank rapidly, and the dreadful moment had arrived when he bade all around his bed farewell, and closed his eyes never to open them again. He was very patient in his sufferings, which were very acute, and he died calmly and uncomplainingly without a struggle. A bright and promising light has gone out in that household, and all who are familiar with the circumstances of the case, will fully sympathize with the sad and stricken parents, who have thus been overwhelmed with grief, as it were, in a moment.

A FRIEND.

### BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

(By Our Own Correspondent.)

Boston, Mar. 10, 1877.

Revolutions do not go backward. Never was this idea more apparent, than in the recent political upheaval, by which Mr. Hayes has been made our servant for the next four years. Entering upon his duties amid the shouts and hurrahs of thousands of office-seekers, his first greeting to his fellow-citizens, is one of the most satisfactory declarations of political wisdom that has issued from the White House in the last eight years. The selection of a Cabinet embodying the leading reform ideas of his inaugural, has given the old stagers, like Blaine, Morton, and Cameron, their death knell of power, and already the turbid elements of the political cauldron are boiling over with rage and disappointment.

### BUSINESS RIVALRY.

Is made conspicuous by Yankee cuteness. Two retail dry goods houses here are daily running each other on some special line of goods, by selling out or two articles at or below cost. A few ago, one house advertised dress silks and ladies' hose for less price than the rival house imported them for. Rival had about 150 girls and women in their employ, each one of whom went to the cheap neighbor and purchased silks and hose in quantity, which they immediately transferred to the stock of their employers, who in turn sold them at the same prices as paid—not losing anything—while the first seller is known to have lost about 20 per cent. This is a Yankee trick, very common this way.

### CRUMBS.

Mrs. Partington endorses Hayes. She says "she is glad Sherman is chosen for Hayes' Cabinet, because his tozenges are so good for the wormy." "Can animals communicate ideas," asks an exchange. The Boston Post answers—"If they cannot, there is a vast amount of wasted conversation of moonlight nights around fences and back sheds."—Scat!

Spoons—Recently at a tea party in Washington where Ben Butler was a guest, the hostess observed that there was no spoon furnished Mr. B. "Why, Gen., haven't you a spoon?" "No, ma'am, and if you don't believe me, search me."—Ruling passion, still strong.

Business improves daily. Now is the time to advertise.

Maple sugar, molasses candy, and office-seekers glut this market.

A growler suggests that Spitz dogs are nuisances only when they are in ladies' arms. Which is the worse nuisance—the dog or the lady!

When you or your friends visit Boston, stop at the Arlington House—J. A. Parks, Proprietor. One of the best houses in New England.

YANKEE.

—Last Friday night, we had about ten inches more of the "beautiful." For a few days it has made the sleighing very good.

—Nearly every one who has a few feet of land to spare, is measuring it off to see if it won't make a good town hall site.

### Washington Correspondence.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 10, 1877.

Our new President and Mrs. Hayes must be very nearly worn out by this time, if constant receiving, receipting, luncheon, dining and lionizing can wear out such dignitaries as a President and Mrs. President. Their engagements began before ever they reached Washington—by telegraph—and as yet there has been no cessation. The Hayeses are said to be plain folks too. Society feels itself rather outraged because Mrs. Hayes is principled against wearing low-necked dresses; and politicians are aggrieved because the President wishes and hopes for peace between the North and the South. And so it is—all parties will never be satisfied and there will never be wanting those to find fault and pick flaws and speak evil.

Notwithstanding the uncertainty concerning the result of the Presidential question, the incoming trains of last week brought to our city thousands of persons to witness the inaugural ceremonies, which took place in the Senate Chamber, and on a platform erected for the purpose, over the east portico of the Capitol. The Senate Chamber was filled at about 11 o'clock, and thousands were unable to procure admission. Mrs. Hayes occupied a front gallery seat, with her youngest child, Scott, her daughter Fannie, and Mrs. Sherman. Mrs. Hayes wore plain black silk, black velvet bonnet, with white silk trimmings, a white rose in front and pink flowers in the back, a white lace scarf, black lace veil, and camel's hair shawl. Just before twelve the Diplomatic Corps entered the Senate Chamber, attired in full court dress, and took their seats, forty-eight in number, including the English, Spanish, Japanese, Italian, Danish, French, Turkish and Russian Ministers. After them, came the United States Supreme Court arrayed in their gowns, and escorted by Marshall Nicolay. At precisely twelve Ex-President Grant and President Hayes preceded the main aisle, arm-in-arm preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms and Vice President Wheeler, escorted by Senator McCreery of the Committee. After Mr. Wheeler was sworn into office and had made a short address the assembly left the Senate Chamber and proceeded to the platform where the President delivered his inaugural address, which by the way, he had prepared some time previous to his leaving Ohio, but after his arrival here he submitted it to the judgment of various gentlemen of different political views, and by their suggestions revised it so as to meet the approval of all parties. During the address the President was frequently greeted with loud applause from the multitude below. After the address the oath of office was administered by Chief Justice Waite, and as President Hayes stooped to kiss the bible, the cannon began to thunder forth the salute. Upon the return of the Presidential party to the White House a sumptuous lunch was found waiting, having been prepared by Mrs. Grant as a compliment to the new President. After it was served General Grant and his family were driven immediately to the residence of Secretary Fish, leaving President and Mrs. Hayes in possession of the Executive Mansion. The new President was presented with a most beautiful floral tribute which elicited the warmest expressions of delight and thanks, both from him and his wife. It was an exquisitely designed eagle with spreading wings measuring four feet from tip to tip, the head composed wholly of violets, the body of more than five hundred carnation pinks, the wings of lilacs of the valley and the finest ferns, and the tail and stand of the brightest and rarest flowers of all kinds. In its beak is an olive branch. This beautiful offering was the production and gift of Twombly & Sons, florists, of Boston. It is the most lovely thing of the kind ever seen here, not even excepting the famous "marriage bell" that created so much wonder, surprise and admiration at the time of Nellie Grant's wedding.

There was less uproar and drunkenness than was expected on inauguration day, and, with one exception, no serious accident. That was the case of a man employed at the Capitol, who accidentally shot himself through the foot and has since had his leg amputated. But the community received a shock Wednesday night when two dead men (both whites) were found on the steps of the Capitol. They were taken up for dead at least; one was found to be alive, though badly wounded. The other had his neck broken, and skull crushed in. It was the result of a few minutes' drunken fight with three or four negroes.

M. M. W.

—It will be remembered by some of our readers that Mrs. Talmadge, of Onondaga Valley, (formerly of this place), while on a visit at her son-in-law's, Mr. B. E. Green of this town, in 1873, had the misfortune to break her limb; but she has recovered from that injury, and is so well that, during the centennial year she spun thirty-six yards linen toweling, all nicely woven visit at the house of the above mentioned, she spun 18 run of beautiful woolen yarn for the loom in 13 days' time. She is in the 77th year of her age.

—James H. Carroll, Jr., of Albany, aged 16, went to bed Wednesday night annoyed with a slight pimple on his lip. In the morning the face was very much swollen. Physicians were called, and after consultation pronounced it a case of malignant erysipelas. Friday morning the young man died.

—A knife and the 'all to an ear-riag have been found. The owners can obtain them by calling upon W. H. Hunter in Alexander's store, proving property and paying charges.



## The Agricultural Insurance Co.

The time has long since passed when the honest tiller of the soil could trust to his own care and vigilance to dispense with the protection of the insurance company. Each year's observations disclose a marked and significant increase of the proportion of farm and residence property destroyed. This increase is readily traced to external causes. Farmers rarely burn their own houses. The insurance companies understand that the risk that they will do so is very small indeed. But of all other people they are most thoroughly at the mercy of their worst neighbors. The city incendiary is compelled to evade the police and fire department in order to set fire to a building; but any disappointed tramp, discharged farm hand, or other malignant and mischievous fool, can stick a lighted match into a barn or ick.

Against this sort of thing there is no sure preventive measure. The farmer cannot perpetually patrol his premises in person or economically hire others to do so. The best he can do is to purchase indemnity from an insurance company. They are all very glad to sell it to him; but unless he selects the company judiciously, he may not, after all, get what he pays for. Nearly all the companies insure large amounts in cities, "placing" a hundred thousand or so of insurance on a block of buildings. Every few years there is pretty sure to come a fire like that which burned up Chicago, or Boston, or Portland, or Virginia City, or—so on. When such a fire comes, it usually burns up a few dozen insurance companies, leaving a few hundred thousand honest farmers without the insurance they have paid for, and in the lurch generally.

The best way to escape this kind of loss and disappointment is to insure only with companies confining their business to residences and farm property. None of this class of insurance companies is ever injured by the great city fires, nor do they ever come to grief, except by insuring too cheaply.

There is one of these prudent companies which may be commended as equal to any and excelled by none. The Agricultural Fire Insurance Company of Watertown, N. Y., ranks, in respect to assets, among the largest, having, according to its recent balance sheet, an accumulation of over a million, and a gross surplus of over eight hundred thousand dollars. It is now nearly a quarter of a century old, has lived and flourished during all this time, and thus proved that the principle of separating the insurance of homes from that of other classes of property is a sound one, and will be successful if carefully applied. The managers of this company evidently know how to make the application, as the continuous prosperity of the company from year to year indicates. The Rural New-Yorker believes that in giving to the Agricultural indorsement and commendation, it is but doing a duty to its readers and a trustworthy corporation.

Morse & Irish, of Mexico, are agents for the above named company.

## Legend of the Palace of Berlin.

Highlanders are familiar with legends of supernatural visitors, whose duty it is to warn of the occurrence of deaths in particular families. The imperial family of Germany possesses, it seems, such a ghostly retainer, who goes by the name of "The Little White Woman." A lady, says the correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine, informed Prince Bismarck a few years ago that her *femme de chambre* was thrown into hysterics by hearing the clattering high heels and the tapping walking stick of the "Little White Woman." Bismarck at once replied, "Make the matter public; at the same time let people know that your maid's head has been shaved and that she has had a shower bath and blisters and bleeding, and let it be done." The lady followed the prescription, and the maid was sent to an asylum. The "Little White Woman" has, however, appeared since then—once in October, 1872, before the death of Prince Albrecht, and the last time in October, 1873, when Queen Elizabeth of Prussia lay on her death-bed. The Queen Dowager, however, was not a born Hohenzollern, and so for a while the visitation was supposed to forebode the death of the Emperor, who was ill at the time; but his Majesty recovered. The legend says that long ago a Hohenzollern princess, a widow with two children, fell in love with a foreign prince, and thinking that the children were an obstacle to the marriage, she killed them both. The foreign prince repudiated the lady with horror, and the princess fell into the deepest remorse and died. She was buried under the old castle at Berlin; but at intervals she appears in white attire at midnight, carrying a heavy stick and gliding about the palace; and the apparition is a warning of the death of some member of the house of Hohenzollern. The legend is too strong even for Prince Bismarck. He can deal with refractory ambassadors, but refractory ghosts and superstitions are beyond him.

In the United States, where a whisky shop, a blacksmith shop, a grocery, and two or three residences constitute many a city, it is strange to read that the English are only now talking of elevating the great port of Liverpool to civic dignity. Yet such is the fact, Liverpool is only a town.

The Queen's state saloon on the Great Western Railway, England, is made entirely of boiler plate, and so lined and padded that if the carriage were to go over an embankment and roll to the bottom the chances are that the occupants would escape uninjured.

## Men Wanted.

The great want of this age is men. Men who are not for sale. Men who are honest, sound from center to circumference, true to the heart's core. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, in themselves as well as others. Men whose consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole. Men who will stand for the right if heavens totter and earth reels. Men who can tell the truth and look the world right in the eye. Men that neither brag nor run. Men that neither flag nor flinch. Men who can have courage without shouting for it. Men in whom the courage of everlasting life runs still, deep and strong. Men too large for sectarian bonds. Men who do not cry nor cause their voices to be heard on the street, but who will not fail or be discouraged, till judgment be set in the earth. Men who know their message and tell it. Men who know their places and fill them. Men who know their own business. Men who will not lie. Men who are not too lazy to work, nor too proud to be poor. Men who are willing to eat what they have earned, and to wear what they have paid for.—Selected.

Mr. Moody, in speaking of the parable wherein the man says, "I have married a wife, and can not come," innocently asks, "Why didn't he take his wife along with him?" We can't, of course, answer this question positively; but, with our slight knowledge of the sex, we should say it was probably because her spring bonnet didn't get home from the milliner's in season.—Ex.

The Prince of Wales intends shortly visiting Australia and New Zealand, with a view of familiarizing himself with colonies which will, probably, in a few years, be under his sway. He will also land at the Cape of Good Hope. Having visited Canada and the West Indies there will then be but few regions under British rule of which he will not have gained some personal knowledge.

Out West no man's ambition has been fully satisfied until he has been mistaken on the train for a commercial traveler.

## Prof. Tyndall's Warning.

In concluding an address to the students of University College (London) Prof. Tyndall, who is unquestionably one of the most indefatigable brain workers of our century, said, "take care of your health. Imagine Hercules as oarsman in a rotten boat; what can he do there but by the very force of his stroke expedite the ruin of his craft. Take care of the timbers of your boat." The distinguished scientist's advice is equally valuable to all workers. We are apt to devote all our energies to wielding the oars, our strokes fall firm and fast, but few of us examine or even think of the condition of our boats until the broken or rotten timbers suddenly give way and we find ourselves the victims of a calamity which could have been easily avoided by a little forethought. What began with a slight fracture, or perhaps even a careless exposure to disorganizing influences, ends in the complete wreck of the life-boat. The disease which began with a slight headache or an undue exposure to cold terminates in death, unless its progress be checked, and the disease remedied. The first symptoms, the heralds of disease, give no indication of the strength of the on-coming foe, and the victim trusts that his old ally, Nature, will exterminate the invader. But Disease is an old general and accomplishes his most important movements in the night-time, and some bright morning finds him in possession of one of the strongest fortifications; and when he has once gained a stronghold in the system Nature ignominiously turns traitor and secretly delivers up the whole physical armory to the invader. Like the wily politician, Nature is always on the strongest side, and the only way to insure her support is to keep your vital powers in the ascendant. Keep your strongest forts—the stomach and liver—well guarded. Do not let the foe enter the arterial highways, for he will steal or destroy your richest merchandise and impoverish your kingdom. To repulse the attacks of the foe you can find no better ammunition than Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. (Full directions accompany each package.) His Pleasant Purgative Pellets are especially effective in defending the stomach and liver. His Golden Medical Discovery for purifying the blood and arresting coughs and colds. If you wish to become familiar with the most approved system of defense in this warfare, and the history of the foe's method of invasion, together with complete instructions for keeping your forces in martial order in time of peace, you can find no better manual of these tactics than "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," by R. V. Pierce, M. D., of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y. Sent to any address on receipt of \$1.50. It contains over nine hundred pages, illustrated by two hundred and eighty-two engravings and colored plates, and elegantly bound in cloth and gilt.

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## The Lecture.

Given by Prof. Lewis Swift, was full of interest and highly instructive, no one could listen to it without being impressed with the vast field of research, and the amount of patient labor necessary to bring to us our present knowledge of astronomy.

Owing to a severe cold his delivery was not so good as it otherwise would have been.

When others cease their labors for the day, and go to their respective homes to seek rest, the astronomer's work begins, and he takes his seat at his telescope for the night's labors; while all nature is hushed in sleep, the astronomer is quietly searching the starry vault of Heaven in search of other worlds and other suns. To be an astronomer is to see in every blazing orb of the sky a sun, and every planet a world; he must be as familiar with their nature as he is with the alphabet, and see them not only in their present positions, but where they will be. To him all time must be the same. It is not simply to-day with which he has dealing, but with the past, and far into the future. It is generally believed by astronomers that there is a mistake in the present mode of reckoning to the amount of 4 years, so our present year should be 1881. This is told by the recorded position of the moon and planets. It is as easy to calculate back as forward, and from the present and the recorded position the intervening time is found to be greater by four years than we now have it.

Some skeptical persons have attempted to explain the darkness at the Crucifixion by saying that it was a total eclipse of the sun, and nothing miraculous. A total eclipse can only occur at new moon, and the crucifixion occurred at the time of the Jewish feast, which was always held at the time of the full moon; again, the longest possible time for totality to last, at one place, cannot exceed eight minutes, and still farther it is shown no total eclipse could occur at Jerusalem at that time. It is a rare thing that a total eclipse occurs, and still more so, to occur at one place.

There has not been a total eclipse in London since 1140, and it will be many years yet before they see another, although in 1999 they will have to go but 20 miles south to see it. We have not had a total eclipse since 1806.

It is a glorious sight to see a total eclipse. A few years ago I went nearly 2000 miles to witness it, for the four or five minutes it was computed to last. It needs faith as strong as a mountain to induce a person to travel, as they do, from one end of the earth to the other, upon no other evidence or sign than computation. Just three minutes before the stated time I took my seat at the telescope to watch for the expected phenomena. Two of those minutes dragged, how slow no one can know who has not similarly waited. Tick, tick, tick was heard from our sideral clock as it beat the seconds of the last minute. As the pendulum swung on the last beats, not a sign of what was to be, was visible; the sun was as clear and bright as ever it shone. The pendulum started on its last beat and still no signs of the eclipse; not until it had completed the last second and began the next was anything seen, and then suddenly two or three mountains from the dark body of the moon shot on to the border of the sun; the eclipse had commenced just three-fourth of a second too late. I hastily made my measurement then glanced at my companions, their countenances were of a deathly palor, once more I glanced through the telescope to catch a last glimpse of the moon and watch its departure. As it faded from the disk, I turned my eye from the instrument just in time to see the moon's shadow floating through the air off into space.

## Meteorology.

The mean temperature of February, 1877, was 27.2°. This has been the warmest February, with the exception of 1859 and 1861, during the past 23 years. The mean of the former 27.8° and of the latter 27.7°. Coldest February during the above-mentioned time, 15.9° in 1875. The average temperature of February, 1877, at 7 A. M., was 24.1°; at 2 P. M., 34°, and at 9 P. M., 25.4°. The lowest point of the mercury was 5° below zero on the morning of the 14th, and the highest, 49° above on the 22d. The lowest point to which the mercury has fallen during the past twenty-three years was 24° below zero on the 8th of February, 1860; highest point, 60° above, February, 17th, 1857.

The dry, clear, moderate and splendid weather, which began the last days of January, held steadily on until the end of February. The storms and falling weather held off, and all through the month we had scarcely had one-tenth of an inch of precipitation, counting rain and snow both.

In looking over my weather record for the last 23 years, take the opportunity to give the dates of two remarkable snow storms, to which people make frequent reference. The first occurred 21, and the last 11 years ago. The first is known as the "deep snow" which fell in February, 1856. Nearly four feet of snow fell on the level during this storm, almost completely blocking up the roads. The second storm is known as the "sudden change," and ended the 4th of February, 1866. Snow falling during this storm three feet and a half on the level.

The month of February, 1866, was a dark month, so marked in the astronomical calendar as the month which had no full moon. January had two full moons and March had two, but February had none.

E. B. BARTLETT.  
Palermo, N. Y., March 5, 1877.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gould have received a permanent boarder. Mr. and Mrs. H. Dewey also have a new arrival.

## NEW HAVEN.

Considerable excitement was created at the Republican caucus, held this afternoon—more than we have seen before for several years. There were more people out than we generally see at town meeting. The caucus made choice of H. J. Daggett for Supervisor, by a majority of four (4), he having received 103 votes, S. M. Barker, the next highest, receiving 91; scattering, 8. Mr. Barker has run against Mr. Daggett for two successive years, with a gain each year. The Democratic caucus, held this evening, also nominated H. J. Daggett, for Supervisor.

The dwelling of Pembroke Kibby near New Haven, was burned on the night of February 28th. Nothing was saved from the chambers or cellar. The fire caught from the stove pipe. There was an insurance of \$600.

New Haven, Mar. 3d, 1877.

## PARISH.

Messrs. Stannard & Erskine are now the landlords at the Carley House. They come to us well recommended, as excellent persons to keep a public house. Mr. Marsh, the former landlord, leaves us with our best wishes, and he has proven himself to be a worthy landlord.

An interesting Sabbath School Concert was held at the church last Sunday evening.

School District No. 1, Parish, has sent out this winter ten teachers, and not a failure among any of them. People now know where to get never-failing teachers. Two disciples of Esculapius are candidates for Supervisors in this town. Before town meeting the people will be well doled with alternatives, aromatics, cordials, panaceas, demulcents, balooras, and narcotics, after town meeting with excavatives, sypape, diaphoretics, choleries, inflatedness, calaplasms and depletion.

Parish, March 5, 1877.

## Real Estate Sales.

John S. Oxner to Geo. H. Oxner, land in New Haven, \$750. April, 1875.

Clark Phillips to Clarendon Phillips, land in Mexico, \$500. Oct., 1876.

Daniel Metcalf, referee, to C. Fred Whitney, land in Oswego, \$205. Feb., 1877.

William Irish to Conrad House, land in Mexico, \$2,000. April, 1876.

## List of Letters

Remained in Mexico Post Office, unclaimed, March 6, 1877:

Julia Burton, 2; Orilla Tuller; Thomas Harlow; John F. Lacells; Julius Park; Mrs. Martha Smith; S. Williams. Persons calling for the above letters will please state that they were advertised, and give the date.

L. F. ALFRED, P. M.

Several votes were cast at town meeting for Samuel J. Tilden for Supervisor.

—We received a very pleasant call from Rev. Mr. Sherwood, of Colosse, on Tuesday.

—A large number of persons in this vicinity are having sore throats of a severe character.

—A debating society has been organized at the Academy. It meets on Wednesday evening.

—Rev. Samuel Upjohn, of Augustus, Me., has received a call from Christ Church, Oswego.

—Last Thursday evening, the young friends of Willie Prunty gave him a very enjoyable surprise party.

—There was a large bonfire on Monday night in front of Lawton's grocery, in honor of the inauguration of President Hayes.

## MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:  
Flour, (retail) Spr \$3.00, red \$3.25, white, 5.75  
Meal, 1/2 cwt, (retail) 1.25  
Shorts, 1/2 ton, 3.25  
Shipments, 1/2 ton, 3.25  
Middlings, 1/2 ton, 3.25  
Corn, 65  
Oats, 40 @ 45

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCTS:  
Butter, 13 @ 23  
Loose Butter, 15 @ 20  
Cheese, 9 @ 13  
Lard, 13  
Eggs, 1/2 doz., 13  
Beef 1/2 lb., 05 @ 12  
Beef, 1/2 cwt., \$4 @ \$6  
Mutton, 1/2 cwt., \$8 @ \$9  
Pork, 1/2 barrel, retail, \$8  
Pork 1/2 cwt., \$6 @ \$7  
Apples, (dried), 1/2 lb., 04  
Ham, 1/2 lb., 11  
Dress'd Poultry, 1/2 lb., 8 @ 10  
Potatoes, 1/2 bush., 50 @ 80  
Beef Hides, per lb. 6 @ 7

Housekeepers Take Notice.  
Oswego Flour, Winter, \$2.00; Spring, \$1.95.  
Kerosene oil, 25 cts per gallon.  
One Dollar Tea, 60 " per lb.  
Salt, 1.30 @ 1.40.  
50th Butter Tubs, 7.00.  
New Orleans 1.00 Molasses, 75 cts. 1/2 gal.  
W. O. JOHNSON,  
Washington St., Mexico

COAL.  
The following are the prices for coal:  
Anthracite and Lackawanna Coal.  
GRATE, 6.50  
EGGS, 6.00  
STOVE, 7.00  
CHESTNUT, 7.00  
CHARCOAL, (per bushel), 20  
Blacksmith's Coal always on hand.  
Our coal is as clean as any in the market, and warranted to give satisfaction or no pay.  
Remember that no coal will be delivered unless paid for when ordered after this date.  
Office in the Express office at L. G. Ballard's Grocery,  
W. PENFIELD  
Mexico, Feb. 17, 1877.

## The Deaf-Mutes' Journal FOR 1877.

The acknowledged Organ of Literature for the Deaf and Dumb; has the

## Widest Circulation and the Best Staff of Correspondents

of any paper of the kind in the entire universe. It is non-political in sentiment, high-toned in moral characteristics; a champion of the truth; a defender of the helpless, and contains MORE INTERESTING NEWS AND READING MATTER.

relating to the Deaf-mutes than any other paper published.

As in the past, so in the future, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL will be conducted in the interests of the DEAF-MUTES. Its columns will be interspersed with

## CHOICE ARTICLES

of reading material suitable to the wants of our class of people. Domestic news paragraphs will be abundant and foreign topics freely supplied.

## THE ITEMIZER.

This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and newsworthy paragraphs.

## FULL MONEY'S WORTH

of choice reading, and we shall endeavor to the utmost of our ability to furnish a paper that shall make all who invest money in the enterprise feel satisfied that they have made a

## Good Bargain.

OUR ASSISTANT EDITORS, all of whom are so well and favorably known for their literary abilities, will be retained, and the JOURNAL will be conducted on a better plan than ever. Our Correspondents and Contributors, regular, special and occasional, embracing writers of moral articles, and spicy productions will supply our readers with interesting reading matter suited to the tastes of the grave and sedate, and spice that will be relished by the gay and young.

We shall fill weekly as many columns of space during the year as we can in our Paper with

## Deaf and Dumb,

consisting of editorials, current news, interesting stories, information respecting the Institutions for Deaf-mutes, the workings of Deaf-mute Societies and Clubs, deaths, marriages and births, news items, and all that go to make up a paper of the most improved and progressive style. The remaining columns of our Paper will contain reading matter well worthy of perusal. The past history of THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is a

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That our Paper for 1877 will merit the friendship and generous patronage of the deaf and dumb public.

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E. L. HUNTINGTON.  
Mexico, May 10, 1875

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\$27.00, \$30.00, \$32.00, \$35.00,  
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